THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

NOVEMBER 1914

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The Chief of the Chippewas

Stonish Giants—A Legend

Mission Work of the National Indian Association

THE INDIAN'S SOLILOQUY

To wear hair, or not to wear hair:
That is the question:
Whether 'tis better to be led
Like a sheep to the Shearer's
Or take up a pair of scissors
Of one's own accord
And by the cutting end it?
Long hair: blankets:
A profusion of paint and feathers:
These are truly the outward
Signs of that inward craving
For savage immortality.
Not to be shorn; perchance then
Not to draw ANNUITY.
Ay there's the rub; for in
That drawing of the coin of the realm
What comfort may come
Must give us pause: There's
The respect that makes savagery
Of so long life; for who would
Bear the whips and scorns of work,
The sun's hot rays, winter's
Chilling blasts; the pangs of
Despised hunger, charity's delay,
The insolence of lookers-on
And the spurns that patient
LO of the pale face takes,
When he himself might
Their quietus make
With a sharp shears? —O. H. L.

Note.—About the year 1902 an edict went out from the Indian Office at Washington demanding that all long haired male Indians immediately cut off their hair on pain of having their rations and annuities witheld if they neglected or refused to obey the order.

A magazine issued in the interest of the Native American

The Red Man

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THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS—CUSHMAN INDIAN SCHOOL, TACOMA, WASH.

Press Comments

Cherokees Seek to Recover Interest on Deferred Payment

THE Keetoowah Society of Cherokees has almost completed plans to present to Congress its claims for $478,801.98, alleged to be due from the United States as interest on the Eastern Cherokee payment. Attorneys Frank J. Boudinot, of Fort Gibson, and A. S. McKennon, of McAlester, were here conferring with W. W. Cotton and drawing up final papers. These three attorneys, with G. B. Henderson, of Washington, represent the Keetowahs in the case.

The claim rises out of the old Eastern Cherokee case, in which Senator Robert L. Owen represented the Cherokees and obtained the large judgment that won him his fame. The judgment was rendered in May, 1905, in favor of Owen for $1,111,284.70 and "with 5 per cent interest from June 12, 1838, to date of payment."

This judgment was rendered in the United States Court of Claims and was affirmed in the United States Supreme Court May 14, 1906, just about a year later.

The one question in the present case of the Keetoowah Society is interest. A United States statute allows interest at 4 per cent on all decisions affirmed in the Supreme Court from the Court of Claims from the day of filing the transcript with the Secretary of War until the day of final decision.

The Cherokees filed their transcript with the Secretary of War on December 29, 1905, and on June 30, 1906, Congress appropriated $5,000,000 "to pay the judgment of the Court of Claims, together with such additional sums as may be necessary for interest."

Out of this $5,000,000 warrant, the claims of Senator Owen for $208,000 attorney fees and several other fees were paid and the Cherokees, of course, received the amount of the judgment. The United States was forced to pay the cost of the suit in

addition to the judgment, and it is figured that the attorney fees alone reached almost $900,000.

The Keetoowah Society alleges that the Court of Claims recognizes that the Indians would be entitled to 4 per cent interest from the time of the filing of the transcript until the final payment was made, and made an effort to get the Secretary of War to loan the money out in order that the accumulated interest might be used to pay the Indians.

The Secretary of War declared that he had no power to loan the money and that Congress would probably have to make an additional appropriation. The claim was finally adjudicated in 1910 and the 4 per cent interest was not allowed. The Cherokees protested, and it is this interest for a period of approximately four years at 4 per cent on the $5,000,000 less certain payment and expenses incurred that forms the basis of the present case.

The Keetoowan Society had the case before Congress in 1912, but a bill to give it permission to sue in the Court of Claims did not get further than the Indian subcommittee. The papers which are now being prepared are additional data which will be presented to Congress as soon as possible, the Indians asking first for a direct appropriation, and that failing, for permission to sue the United States in the Court of Claims.

The four attorneys, Boudinot, Cotton, McKennon, and Henderson, have been employed under a contract from the society to "prosecute the case to the end." The Keetoowah, which was organized in 1858, admits no one except Cherokees and in that respect was opposed to the nation, which favored payments to inter-married and adopted citizens in the eastern Cherokee payment.—*Muskogee Phoenix.*

FIFTEEN Indian mounds hitherto unknown and an Indian battle ground from which have been gathered numerous tomahawks, iron, bronze, and flint spear heads and arrow heads; also the remains of an Indian fortified camp, were found by William T. Cox, State forester, in his recent travels in the country north of Lake Winnibigoshish, says the *Minneapolis Journal.* He did not open any of the mounds, as he never had made a careful study of Minnesota anthropology or Indian life, but he declared that the mounds unmistakably are of Indian origin and quite ancient and

he believes that it will remain for the Minnesota academy or other interested organizations to make exploration into this field.

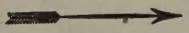
He lost his camera just as he was setting out from Winnibigoshish and was unable to make a photographic record of his finds. He obtained, however, an old rusted tomahawk, plowed up by a settler, and many other implements of warfare.

"The battlefield is on the banks of the Popple River," explained Mr. Cox, "and the settlers tell me the Indians have known it as an old battleground.

"On this old field a settler plowed up two iron tomahawks and numerous other implements. The tomahawks are of European manufacture and it is well known that the early fur traders did quite a trade in these instruments which naturally were far superior to the rude flint and stone weapons of the primitive savages.

"He also turned up two copper spear heads. I was unable to obtain one, but they seemed to me to have been tempered. He had many flint spear and arrow heads.

"The mounds I discovered were at the headwaters of the Big Fork River, northeast of its outlet from Lake Lora. They are about 15 feet high and so regular in shape that they could have been fashioned only by human hands. They are more than 100 years old, as many were overgrown with large trees."



THE mailing department of the Indian agency at Muskogee has now assumed some of the proportions which it reached during the equalization payments. Thousands of pieces of literature are being mailed out now advertising the sale of 1,353,000 acres of segregated coal and asphalt and timber lands in Oklahoma.

The advertisement of these lands is not being confined to Oklahoma or any one section of the United States, but posters are being mailed to postmasters in over 25,000 towns in all parts of the United States. Twenty employees are engaged in the work of mailing out the descriptive matter in connection with this big land sale. One hundred thousand pieces of each poster are being mailed.

The opening sale of the tribal Indian timber lands will be held at McAlester on Novermber 3. Public auction sales will also be held at Wiburton, Poteau, and Hugo during the first ten days of the

month. The timber lands comprise about 968,000 acres of the total number to be sold.

The officials are here particularly guarding against the real estate agents who in some cases have been misrepresenting some features of the sale to prospective purchasers. Commissioner Sells has issued a warning to those who are planning to buy land at the sales, pointing out the misrepresentations that are to be guarded against.

Maps have been made showing the exact location of all the land. These maps are sent out with the descriptive literature of the land.—*Muskogee Phoenix.*

JOHN R. HOWARD, superintendent and disbursing agent, will go to Mille Lacs to meet Maj. James McLaughlin, special inspector of the United States Indian Service. The purpose of the visit is to take steps to purchase land for the future homes of Chippewa Indians who still remain in the region of Mille Lacs Lake, the last Congress having appropriated $40,000 of the Chippewa tribal fund for that purpose.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

THE educational system in force at a school for Indians of a United States reservation is more extensive than many people realize. Two new buildings have been added to the boarding school at Keshena, for the use of Indian pupils living on the Menomonie Reservation. These two structures will cost, in round numbers, $60,000. They are substantially built of brick. The dormitory's dimensions are 46x82 feet. The nearby assembly hall will have similar proportions, though not exactly the same. When complete, these buildings will permit an enrollment of 200, and the children will be taken through the eighth grade.—*Milwaukee Free Press.*

PAMUNKEY Indians near Richmond, Va., have discovered that at Washington there is no record of any sort regarding this once powerful tribe. They have set to work to correct this. John Ioma, one of the best known of the Indians, in the State library here is now engaged in copying records of the English council for

Virginia to establish the identity of the Indians. They are claiming that under the provisions of the general treaty they are exempt from the payment of taxes to the State and to the Government for fishing and hunting.—*Washington Star.*

IN an opinion, Judge Campbell, of the United States Court, holds that lands in the hands of the heirs of a Cherokee citizen, selected after the death of a citizen without the latter having received his allotment, is not restricted. The decision affects the title to considerable land lying in what is known as the Cherokee Indian Nation. —*Guthrie Leader.*

TEN members of the Minnesota Chippewa Indian conference have been selected as the legislative committee of the organization to visit Congress for the purpose of urging certain legislation which has been recommended by the State conference.

Five of these will comprise the regular committee, while the other five will act as alternates.

The regular committee is to be made up of the following, announces Frank Cajune, of Mahnomen, secretary of the council: E. L. Fairbanks, White Earth; Gus Beaulieu, White Earth; H. W. Warren, Bena; Charles Wakefield, White Oak Point, and Nat J. Head, former secretary, of Red Lake.

Following are the alternates: Frank Cajune, Paul H. Beaulieu, Red Lake; Rev. C. H. Beaulieu, White Earth; Ed Rogers, Walker, and Frank D. Beaulieu.

The appointment of these committees was recommended at the meeting held in Bemidji several months ago.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

A REAL, live, Indian baby show, believed to be the first of the kind ever held in America, was one of the big features of the fourth annual agricultural fair of the Indians of the Devils Lake Reservation, held at Fort Totten, Oct. 6, 7, and 8. The blue ribbon show of the East may be fine and dandy, but for hale, hearty, and healthy specimens of young man and womanhood the attention of

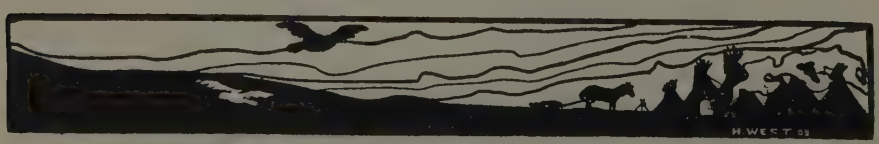
the country is called to the Indian baby show where the favorite offsprings of the reservation's braves was displayed in competition which promises to be great.—*Devils Lake Journal.*

C. C. DANIELS, who has general charge of the 1,200 Indian land cases pending in the United States court in Fergus Falls, Minn., has issued a circular letter to the defendants, inviting them to bring in the evidence they have collected relative to the blood status of the Indians and compare it with the evidence the Government has collected. It is expected this will result in the settlement of a large percentage of the cases.

The actions were brought by the Government to set aside deeds given by Indians. The law permitted mixed bloods to sell their lands. Some of the Government attorneys have contended that anyone who was more than half white should be classed as a mixed blood, while anyone who was more than half Indian should be considered an Indian, and deeds given by him should be cancelled, as Indians had no right to sell.

Judge Morris, of the United States District Court, held that anyone having sufficient white blood to affect his racial characteristics should be classed as a mixed blood, but that a very small quantity should not count. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, however, upheld the contention of the defendants that any quantity of white blood entitled an Indian to be classed as a mixed blood, and the United States Supreme Court also took a like view.

The decision will mean that a large number of the cases brought by the Government will have to be dismissed. The Government, in its complaints, alleged that the persons who gave the deeds were "Indians," without saying whether they were full bloods or mixed bloods. This threw the burden of proof upon the defendants. —*Fargo News.*



The Dragon of the Selish:

By Arthur L. Stone.

ONE summer afternoon, a good many years ago, while the Flathead Reservation was yet a national reserve, I lay in the shade of the grove along the bank of the Jocko River, opposite Ravalli station, waiting for a train which was six hours late. It was an ideal Montana summer day. There were birds in the trees above me and the Jocko's ripple made music at my feet. The drone of insects furnished the accompaniment in subdued chords, while the rustle of the leaves in the summer breeze, lazily stirring, set the tempo quite in accord with the afternoon and its mood. I had been several days upon the reservation, visiting with friends, Indian and white, and had heard some pleasant tales of the days when the reservation was primitive, when the white man was just finding the way over the wall back of the Jocko which shuts out the Mission Valley along the overland trail. It was a day for dreams, and I indulged in the contemplation of scenes based upon the stories which had been told to me. The quiet of the summer lent its magic to my day-visions and the red men seemed real warriors and hunters. I had harked back to the days before the Black Robes came. It was as if I were a spectator at a drama designed for me alone.

Came then Duncan McDonald—came so quietly that I knew not he was there until a twig cracked beneath his moccasined foot, came as if he were a figure in the drama I had been building, came with the quiet, cordial greeting which is his wont, came unexpectedly, but so naturally did he fit into my dreams that it seemed as it I had been waiting for him to appear. Duncan drew forth his

tobacco pouch and sat upon his heels beside me. I filled my pipe and, as we smoked, he told me stories of the mythology of his Indian ancestors. Told me of the doings of Coyote, of Grizzly Bear, the Salmon, told me of the infinite powers which Coyote possessed and of how he employed them for the benefit of the red man, equipping the Indian for the struggle for existence which he must wage if he were to survive in the contest with the elements among which the Great Spirit had placed him. Coyote, in the legends of the Selish, is the counterpart of Br'er Rabbit in the negro myths, except that the cleverness of Coyote was employed to help the red man and to circumvent the plots of his foes. And of all the stories which I heard that afternoon, the legend of how some animals are small and others large is the one which has always seemed to me to be the most picturesque.

I wish I could give it the graphic touch which Duncan gave it. However carefully I write, the tale must lose in dramatic effect. It was told with orchestral accompaniment. We were alone in the world, save for the beasts and birds and inanimate things about us. No other human voice disturbed the recitative Indian nonotone, and all the other sounds blended to add to the effect of the story of the Dragon—the Dragon which had Grizzly Bear for a dog and which was worsted by Coyote in a struggle which set free all the animals of the earth. Innumerable cigarettes were rolled and smoked by the narrator. So absorbed was I that I let my pipe go out. I lay there and listened to what was the most dramatic recital that I have ever heard. And here, robbed of its dramatic associations, set down in colorless language—but the best I can do—is the story of the Dragon and how it was done to death by Coyote:

There had been a great landslide away down on the Columbia River, which had formed a great dam across the stream, so high that the Salmon sould no longer come up to the headwaters on his pilgrimages. The Salmon was sorry because he could not get up the stream and the people in the land of the Pend d'Oreilles—who were cousins of the Flatheads and were of the Selish nation—were sorry because the Salmon came no more to visit them. And Coyote heard of the distress of the people and of the sorrow of the Salmon. The wisdom and cleverness of Coyote were infinite and he came up the Columbia to remove the obstrustion and to clear the stream for the Salmon's pilgrimage. He found the great dam

ENGINEERS AND MACHINISTS—GRADUATES OF CUSHMAN

AT WORK IN THE MACHINE SHOP AT CUSHMAN

that had been thrown across the river by the landslide and he struck it a mighty blow. The dam opened and let the water run through. The way was clear for the Salmon.

Up the river came Coyote to tell the people what he had done and to see if the way were clear all the distance. Up the river he came to the Pend d'Oreille River, along the lake and up to the mouth of the Jocko, which is near where the town of Dixon stands now. The stream was open all the way and the Salmon could come up the river for his visit to the people in the Pend d'Oreille country. Coyote had opened the dam and had made the way easy.

By the mouth of the Jocko, which the Indians called Wild Plum Creek, the Lark had her nest, where she stood watch over the entrance to the Jocko Valley. Coyote saw the Lark in her nest and he stepped carefully so as not to harm her. His two front feet he lifted over her and she was not harmed. One hind foot passed and the Lark was not disturbed, but the second hind foot stepped upon the Lark's right leg and broke it. And the Lark cried aloud in pain and anger.

"I had a secret to tell you," she cried angrily, "but I will not tell you now, though it could save you from death. For you have hurt me."

Coyote had not meant to hurt the Lark and went away sorry. He had, however, power which was almost infinite, and he stroked the broken limb. Lo, as he rubbed it, the Lark's leg was made well and strong again and she sang with happiness.

"I will tell you the secret," said the Lark. As she told Coyote of a terrible Dragon, whose jaws were the bluffs between Dixon and Ravalli, whose belly was the Jocko Valley and whose tail was the canyon which is called the Coriacan defile and which reaches to De Smet, just west of Missoula.

This Dragon was powerful and he swallowed all who came that way. That he might not fall a victim to the Dragon's power, the Lark told Coyote the secret and told him to guard himself against the strength of the monster.

The Dragon had the Grizzly Bear for a dog and nothing had escaped his might which has passed that way. There was one way by which Coyote might proceed and yet escape the Dragon. "Listen," said the Lark, "and do as I tell you."

Even now there can be seen, growing along the Jocko, a tall

weed which has a tough and stringy bark. From this weed the Indians used to make ropes which were strong like the hempen ropes of to-day. There are now old Indian women who know how to fashion strong ropes of this weed. And the Lark told Coyote to make ropes of this weed and, as he traveled up the valley, to fasten them about his body, attaching the other ends to stumps and rocks and trees so that he could not be pulled from them.

And Coyote did as the Lark told him. Five ropes he made. As he moved up the Jocko he fastened them to the trees and the stumps and the rocks by the trail, fastening two before he loosened the others and moving slowly and with great caution all the way. Thus he advanced until he came to the bluffs which are two miles west of Ravalli.

As Coyote came to these bluffs, he felt a terrible wind. It was not so strong at first, but it became stronger with each gust, and finally it was so fierce that it took Coyote off his feet and held him in the air. But his ropes which the Lark had told him to make held fast and Coyote was not dragged loose from his fastenings.

Again the wind blew and again the ropes held. A third time the wind swept Coyote from his feet and held him suspended in the air. But the third time the ropes held and Coyote was not blown away. He was sore with the strain and the ropes had cut him, but he was safe.

For the wind was caused by the breath of the Dragon as he sucked into his great jaws the air of the valley, breathing with such force that he drew in all that was before him. And in this way he had made captives of all the living things which came his way. But the ropes had saved Coyote and the Dragon was afraid for the first time. Here was a creature which he could not take. And he shut his jaws tight together lest Coyote should get inside. For he was fearful of this new creature which resisted his might.

Then Coyote slapped the jaws of the Dragon, slapped them hard till the sound of the blows echoed through the forest and through the valley. But the Dragon held his mouth shut until a blow struck him on the nose and made him sneeze. As the Dragon sneezed, Coyote leaped between his jaws and was upon the inside. And the Dragon was angry that he had had his jaws slapped and he closed his mouth upon Coyote, even though he was fearful that harm might come to him from this strange creature which had leaped in of his own desire.

When Coyote found himself in the Dragon's belly, which was the valley of the Jocko, he looked around to see what was there. He saw many creatures—the Deer, the Elk, the Moose, and the Buffalo were there, and the Trout and the Fly and the Gnat—all these and many others had been sucked in by the terrible breath of the Dragon and were prisoners in his belly. The Horse was there and the Louse and the Ant and all living things and they were all of the same size; the Ant was as large as the Deer and the Fly was great like the Moose. For that was the way they had been created and of that fashion were they when the Dragon captured them.

And Coyote noticed as he walked about, that the animals who were near the throat of the Dragon were all strong and active. Those which were farther down in the body of the beast were slow and stupid, while those which were near the tail were dead or were near to death.

When he had seen these things, Coyote went back to the animals which were yet strong and told them the things which he had seen. And he told them that they must kill the Dragon or they would all be dead, even as those which were crowded near the tail. And they asked Coyote how it could be done, for they were hopeless.

Coyote said that they must find the heart of the Dragon and must stab it, as that was the only way they could kill him. And he set out to find the Dragon's heart.

Out in the Jocko Valley, east of Arlee and between Arlee and the Agency, there is a little butte, low and round. This was the heart of the Dragon and this Coyote found after he had searched. And he told the other animals what he had found. He bade them all give him their knives that he might cut down the heart of the Dragon. And he warned them that when they saw the heart fall that they must rush for an opening. It must be everyone for himself and it must be quickly, for the collapse of the great body of the Dragon would kill all who were caught within.

They gave their knives to Coyote and he attacked the heart of the Dragon. He stabbed it and slashed it until he saw it begin to yield to his attack. He shouted a warning for all to be ready for the rush, each one for himself. Then he stabbed it once more and the heart began to fall down. You can look at the butte in Jocko

Valley now and see how it is flattened, for it was one time a rightly shaped heart.

As they heard the warning cry of Coyote, all the animals rushed to get out. Those who ran toward the mouth, the eyes, and the ears of the Dragon found easy exit and were not crowded, for the Dragon opened his mouth in his agony when he felt his heart cut. And these animals got out without being crowded and are yet large, for they were not pressed. These are the Buffalo, the Moose, and the Elk and their kind. The smaller animals, the Deer and the Beaver and the Goat, were crowded some and were squeezed and they are not as large as the Buffalo and the Moose and the Elk. But they escaped and were not pressed out of their original shape.

But the animals which ran toward the tail of the Dragon, which was the Coriacan defile, these were in great numbers and they were squeezed mightily. This is the reason why the Fish are small and why the Fly and the Gnat and the Wood Tick are tiny. They are those which were crowded most in the rush to escape.

All of the animals escaped and in safety, though some of them were crowded so that they became small. The Ant was the last one out. He did not get clear out before the body of the Dragon collapsed, so great was the crowding. The Ant was half way out when the big body of the Dragon fell in. The Ant was caught in the middle of his body by the collapse and that is why he has such a small waist.

But the Dragon was slain and all the creatures save those that had died were released upon the earth. Coyote had saved them, through the warning of the Lark. And when the Lark saw them coming back she was glad, for she loved Coyote; though he had broken her leg, yet he had made it well and strong again. And she sang the song of rejoicing which is the song which we hear her sing even now as the sun rises.

Two miles west of Ravalli there are high bluffs on each side of the Jocko as it flows toward the Pend d'Oreille, where the Lark had her nest. As he finished the story of the Dragon, Duncan McDonald paused to roll another cigarette. When he had it lighted, he blew a great cloud of smoke into the air and then looked down toward these bluffs.

"On the north side of the river there," he said, as he pointed to the height, "in the slide rock you can see the form of a man with

a dog beside him. The head of the man is downward, the arms and legs are extended. This form has been on the rocks there, the Indians say, every since Coyote killed the Dragon. It has been there ever since I was first told this story, 50 years ago. It was shadowy, but yet clearly traceable then, just as it is now. Since I have been here, it has not changed. And on the cliff on the other side of the river, which we cannot see from here, there is the same figure in the rock which lies there. It is the monument of the Dragon and his dog."

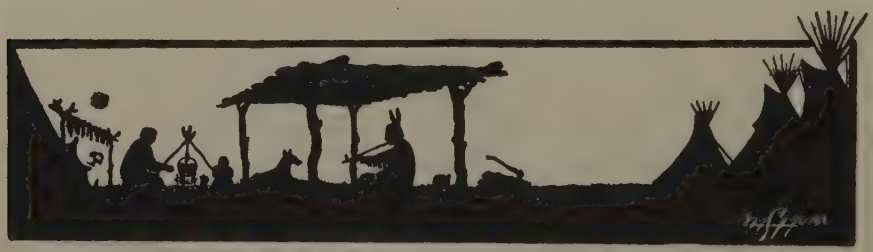
Lazily the breeze ruffled the leaves above our heads, the subdued ripple of the Jocko made soft music at our feet. The birds sang their summer afternoon song, a crooning lullaby it seemed; the drone of the insects had not ceased. A trout leaped from the stream after a fly that had ventured too close to the riffles. There was a splash as it struck the water again. And Duncan McDonald looked up.

"All these living things," said he, "would not be here if Coyote had not saved them from the Dragon. He was a great friend for the Indian. He did many things for the Red Man. He taught him all he knew about woodcraft and he provided him with the string for his bow that he might shoot strongly; he gave him flint for his arrow points that his shots might kill. He stocked the streams with fish and he saved the animals of the forest that the Indian might have the game to hunt.

"The Indian has many stories of Coyote and everywhere in the Selish country there are traces of what he did. The old Indian used to tell these stories about the campfires; some of them could tell them like actors. The stories were handed down from generation to generation and there are many points of resemblance between these tales and the mythology of the old Greeks. The Indians, too, have some legends which are similar to the stories in the Bible.

"It is strange where some of them had their origin. The Indians think that theirs are the original tales and that the others were borrowed from them. I cannot tell where they come from. But they are tribal history and in old days they were carefully taught to the younger boys that they might not be lost. But lately this has not been done and in another generation there will not be many of them left. The young Indians do not know them now. It is too bad they cannot be preserved.

Down the valley, where Coyote met the Lark and received the warning which made it possible for him to redeem the beautiful valley of the Jocko from the horrible Dragon, the Northern Pacific's eastbound express whistled for Dixon station. The echoes of the shriek of the locomotive rang back and forth between the walls which had thrown back the death cry of the Dragon, ages ago, as the living animals sprang forth from their living tomb. My train was coming and soon I would be speeding along through the valley which had been the scene of the death struggle. It was a rude awakening. My happy afternoon was ended. Duncan McDonald rose from his heels, upon which he had been sitting through the long session. We shook hands. "Some day," he said, "I must tell you other stories of Coyote." How well he kept that promise, perhaps another of the Old Trail stories will one day tell. Coyote deserves to be preserved in black and white, now that the Indian no longer passes down the tales to his son.



The Stonish Giants:

By Domitilla.

AFTER the Sacred Vine was broken the nations were scattered far and wide. They quarreled and made war upon one another. Some, by constant toil, tilled the ground as the messenger spirit had bade them, and so were enabled to support life; others who would not or could not work seized their ripened harvest and drove them off. Both starved when winter came because no provision had been stored against its hardships. They divided into wandering bands and stayed in one

place until all the game had been killed and fish taken from the waters and then journeyed to another, always in search of abundance without effort, always in search of their past joyful life.

They moved on to the "Valley of the Mississippi," "the Land of Hope," but found it the realms of disappointment; then one tribe left the valley, went to the great Northwest, and pitched their tents in that barren region.

At first they mistook it for the Happy Hunting Ground so many moons ago forfeited. The summer was radiant and the days passed merrily. Hunting and fishing were pastimes that supplied daily needs. No thought was taken for seed time or harvest. But the unlooked for winter came, with its deep snows and cruel frosts, when game was scarce and rivers frozen. Cold and famished, they had not strength to cut wood for the lodge fires and were easily driven from wilderness to wilderness by tribes from the South who took from them the little they had.

It was then that they nearly all died from starvation. Hunger drove them to eat the captives taken in the few struggles in which they were victorious, and its fierce pangs finally forced them to devour one another. At length, too enfeebled in strength and reduced in number to offer resistance, they laid down in the sand and rolled in it until their bodies became so hard that the arrows of their enemies rattled against the surface and fell to the ground.

In those days was a race of giants, ferocious and strong; on the warpath they looked like huge moving columnsof stone. They held the world in terror and resistance to them was vain. A whole army was slain at a blow and all the men, women, and children were eaten.

This terrible tribe advanced on the land of the Shawnees. The earth quivered beneath their tread. When the miserable Shawnees felt the approach of the Giants, they arose and fled as swiftly as their poor half-petrified bodies permitted, into deep caves and narrow glens where it seemed impossible for even ordinary men to enter. But they were found and brought forth by their monster captors, despite resolute though useless struggle.

Trembling, they waited and feared an awful death. Instead they were made slaves. Doomed to dig, work, and carry, to endure the pangs of hunger while surrounded by the plenty they could not have, and to suffer every cruelty, the hardship of their condition

became greater than it had been in their former most unhappy days. Again and again they cried to Tarenanagen, the "Holder of the Heaven," for deliverance. "O, Great Spirit, have mercy. Have mercy and forgive."

At length the Holder of the Heaven, thinking they had been sufficiently punished for disobedience in ascending the Sacred Vine, and for the tortures they had inflicted on his chosen aid on earth, Wapsea, had compassion. He resolved to deliver them from their savage masters.

He assumed an enormous height and bulk, greater than the greatest of the Stonish Giants, and went to their camp when they were holding a council of war, where it was decided to kill all the Shawnees living at a distance, kinsmen of those whom they held in bondage.

The Giants thought him a messenger sent by the Great Spirit as he strode majestically into their midst, brandishing a huge stone club and offering to conduct them to the Akonashione Shawnee stronghold.

Proud of so august a leader, the warriors marched to the war-post headed by their chief, who first struck his hatchet into it. One after the other followed, and then all joined in a wild song and war dance. Silently, at last all filed out, keeping in Tarenanagen's footsteps and journeying all night until they came opposite the Shawnee fort. Then he directed them to lie down and rest until daybreak.

Indians begin their battles at daybreak and return from them at nightfall. The people came out to meet them with lighted pine knots singing songs of victory if they had conquered, or in silence and mourning if defeated.

Tarenanagen, before daybreak, went up the mountain at whose foot the Stonish Giants lay sleeping, and looked down upon that cruel tribe who lived but to do evil and whose tyranny none could withstand. He gathered his mighty strength, the mountain trembled in his grasp, the whole mass of rock quivered as he hurled it with thundering roar on the raging multitude now awakened. It so completely covered them that all were buried beneath it. So ended the race of the Stonish Giants and so Great Spirit showed his justice and mercy.

The Chief of the Chippewas:

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

CHIEFTAIN of 12,000 Chippewa Indians, every one an ardent "rooter," Edward L. Rogers, formerly captain of the varsity football eleven at the University of Minnesota, now a northern Minnesota lawyer, has entered the greatest game of his career. Five million dollars is the trophy. Incidentally, and of grave concern to the red men on the side lines, a victory would relieve Lo of a guardianship under which he has been restive for years.

Collectively, these Chippewas are multi-millionaries. But like heirs to estates long involved in litigation, their opulence is a dream vision; the glories of the happy hunting ground have been nearer realization.

Their Guardian Is Niggardly.

THEY are wards of the Government; their guardian is niggardly and suspicious in apportioning their allowances, but overliberal in expenditures that are purported to be in the interest of their welfare, the leaders of these Indians point out.

Six dollars a year for Lo; $450,000 for clerks, for sleuths to run down "bootleggers," for Government timber scalers, and then, for more clerks. "Heap shu-ne-yah" for these, most of whom, Chief Rogers and his fellow tribesmen believe, could be dispensed with. Home rule has been the slogan of recent years on the reservation.

Gradually the Chippewas have dropped aboriginal habits. Today there are enough of them among the educated to manage the affairs of their people.

Why Not Have Home Rule?

WHY, then, these of the elite say, should not they, who are close to the affairs of their community, be entrusted with the reins of rule, at least with the Government acting only in a supervisory capacity?

Until last year, blood and not brains have determined the chieftaincy of the tribe. Time and again these hereditary rulers, confidently have set forth for Washington, accompanied by interpreters, to see the "Great White Father" in the hope that the Golden Fleece fall to them. They did not sing it even in "pigeon English" in those days, but they thought it in Chippewa—"This is the life"—And they went back home convinced that while they were intelligent enough to govern themselves, they were not as the other Indians. After all, perhaps, the Government was right in keeping the reins they thought.

All toted souvenirs, glittering and in profusion, brought promises, roseate and familiar, and told of "heap big time," but none came home with the coveted "shu-ne-yah." The trip to Washington had become a thing of humor, and as the Indian department made an appropriation for the annual visit, rivalry grew strong.

All Wanted to Go to Washington.

EVERYBODY wanted to go to Washington to parade Pennsylvania Avenue, wear brass medals, and get the rheumatism. For traditionary reasons, the full-bloods backed up their chiefs and the mixed-bloods were a turbulent minority until they took up the tactics of the white man and called a rump council for the naming of delegates.

To free the atmosphere from the smell of war paint, a big council of the ten tribes was called for May, 1913, at Cass Lake. Petitions were sent to every tribe for signatures, and full-bloods and mixed-bloods vied with each other in getting delegates. The tribal chiefs had decreed that the outcome of the council was to be final. A permanent council was to be organized that the tribes might have greater recognition in Washington as an organization.

Mr. Rogers Is Called to Rule.

THE question of chief of the new council was talked of for weeks in the wigwams of the full-bloods and in the homes of the mixed-bloods. Finally, out in the wilderness, the name of Ed Rogers gathered illumination in the minds of the Indians, and soon blazed forth. Three days before the council, the warring factionalists were shaking hands with one another and giving went to grunts of satisfaction over the new Chief O-ge-mah.

And so Edward Rogers, once football star, became chief of the Ojibwas. He had made a touchdown without moving out of his tracks. The whoops of approval he received upon mounting the platform to accept his office were as satisfying to him as the yells from a thousand bleacher throats when he plowed around Michigan's right end with the ball under his arms.

Organization Is Recognized at Capital.

THE new organization was soon recognized in Washington. Fifteen hundred dollars was officially appropriated out of the tribal funds by the Department of Indian Affairs to defray the expenses of the next council, which was held in Bemidji on the second Tuesday of July this year. The council then emphasized the importance of their organization by notifying the Department that the Indians would disapprove of any appropriation of more than $5,000 from their funds without the sanction of the council.

Upon his election by the tribe the new chief was voted a salary, but this he refused to accept until the organization was on a more permanent footing.

He Is County Attorney, Too.

IN politics the Indians take no interest other than to vote for their chief for county attorney, who, by the way, is up for re-election this fall. However, they like to collect the campaign cards of candidates. Their wigwams are often profusely decorated with half-tone pictures of every one running for office within a radius of many miles. Among the 700 Indians living on the Leech Lake Reservation, the average vote cast at a general election rarely exceeds 150. The other reservations under Chief Rogers are located at Cass Lake, Winnibigoshish, White Oak Point, Nett Lake, Grand

Portage, Fond du Lac, Mille Lac, Red Lake, and White Earth.

The recognition the council has received by the Indian authorities in Washington is a big feather in the cap of Chief Rogers, and followers now advise with him on all matters of tribal importance, expecting speedy adjustment.

Brave Takes the "Firewater Oath."

A MEMBER of the Nett Lake band came to Chief Rogers with an interpreter and asked to be given the "firewater oath." Mr. Rogers, who neither speaks readily nor understands well the Chippewa language, ran his fingers in perplexity through his football hair at this strange request, whereupon the brave explained that he wanted to promise his chief he wouldn't drink any more.

"Heap shu-ne-yah for esh-ko-tay-wah-bo?" said the chief, seeing the humor of the situation.

"Kay-get," replied the brave.

Rogers had his client raise his right hand, and the following "firewater oath" was administered:

"May the Great Spirit make fire water as molten lead in my throat, so that it will bubble up in my face till my chief shall know me not."

The oath was given in all seriousness and the Indian departed with a light in his face as though he had been freed from an evil spirit. That was nearly a year ago, and no whisky has yet had a chance to "melt" in his throat.

Chief Bug Goes to Law.

CHIEF Bug-a-na-gee-shig, "Old Bug," in reservation English, recently called upon Chief Rogers in his law office, and asked him to invoke the aid of the white man's law in obtaining possession of an Indian pony which his son had turned over to a neighbor shortly before the son passed into the happy hunting grounds. A writ of replevin was issued and the case was heard in justice court. "Old Big" and his witnesses squatted in a semicircle on the floor of the court room and listened gravely to the interpretation of the white man's law. The court held it had no jurisdiction in matters which could be settled by the Indian superintendent. The case was dismissed, but an appeal was taken to Chief Rogers, and the matter of

the right of Indian agents to probate estates of deceased Indians without going through the State probate courts will be tested.

On another occasion Chief Rogers was asked to join a number of Indians on a duck hunt. When they were making camp for the night a rabbit bounded from the underbrush. One of the hunters brought his gun to his shoulder and slew the animal. Picking it up by the tail he said:

"I throw rabbit in air and when he comes to earth his eyes will look into face of one who is to be lucky in hunt tomorrow."

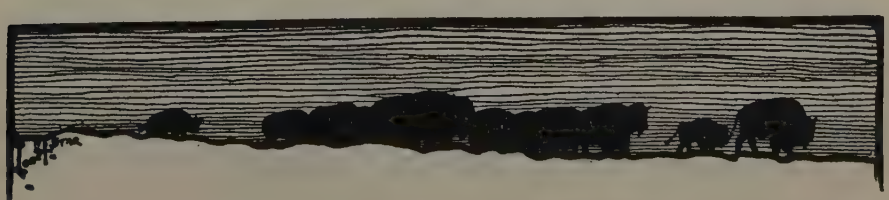
A Joke on Their Chief.

THE animal struck the ground with its head pointed toward the chief. Rogers was heartily congratulated. The rabbit was then made ready for the camp boiling pot by one of the Indians, while Rogers busied himself in collecting fuel for the night fire.

Receiving a call to join them at the feast, Rogers, hungry and expectant, seated himself Indian fashion on the ground for an appetizing repast. Plunging his fork into the boiling pot, he withdrew it and found the entire head of the rabbit on the end. Dropping the fork, he refused to eat, much to the merriment of his comrades, who howled with delight at his actions.

"O-ge-mah Chief have big head for law but little stomach for rabbit," shouted one, whereupon they all again yelled with mirth at their chief's expense.

Chief Ed Rogers is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School, of the Dickinson Preparatory School, and of the University of Minnesota. He came to Walker in 1906 and later moved to White Earth, where his allotment was located. Returning to Cass County after disposing of his tribal interests there, he opened a law office at Walker, the county seat. He was married in 1905 to Miss May Balton, of Minneapolis, and is now the father of three bright children, two girls and a boy. He owns his own home and has a good law practice.



A Vision:

By General R. H. Pratt.

IN my young manhood I read Irving's Columbus. Within a few weeks I have re-read it, and during this re-reading I had a vision. I saw Columbus with his great authority and forces landing on the large and beautiful island of Hispanolia, well populated by a kindly disposed native people, who gave him a cordial welcome. In my vision I saw that Columbus began at once to show these people that he was the commanding representative of one of the greatest, most civilized, and highly cultivated Christian nations of the world, and that he came to give to these native people all and only the good of that great nation.

He explained that his nation had one of the greatest and most useful languages in all history, filled with knowledge; that he brought to them this knowledge that they might become jointly co-equal in the world. He showed them that the soil, mines, and other resources of their island were of vast value, which they could make their own enrichment by gaining the knowledge he would give them and applying it to themselves and their resources. That it was his purpose to stay with and become one of them and to show and help them in developing their great island. That his King had sent along with him selected emissaries of great truth which was the foundation of the best relations and developments of the most powerful nations, and would if accepted bring endless happiness and prosperity to them. That his only purpose was to give them the fullest knowledge and enjoyment of all these things.

These native people, having common sense, agreed to try it, and Columbus began at once to educate and train them and their children in the best uses of themselves, their land, and his language, and in all of its education and knowledge. I saw that very soon the whole Indian population was absorbed with interest and eager to move forward in the ways that Columbus advised, and so great was the improvement that in a few years the whole island and the people were transformed and happiness and prosperity reigned everywhere. Knowledge increased, and commerce grew rapidly, for the island was vastly rich in productiveness, and the people gladly became veritable citizens of Spain, and as their prosperity increased many of them visited and were honored in the parent country and even sent their children there for highest education. It thus came about that all differences disappeared.

These results obtained notoriety in other islands and led to their like improvement, under Columbus' guidance. The fame of it also spread to the northeast coast of South America, which Columbus visited, explored, and started everywhere among the natives the same upward and glorious career. Not only was there no trouble between Columbus and his Government and the natives everywhere, but the natives rejoiced continually in the same good that had come to them through this enlightened and righteous contact.

My vision extended over many years, and I saw other nations, England, France, Germany, and other countries landing everywhere in America, carrying the same message, the same exalted relations, the same development; I saw the whole continent populated by foreigners and natives dwelling together in unity, the natives easily rising into the same measure of excellence and high knowledge and pursuits that the foreigners brought with them.

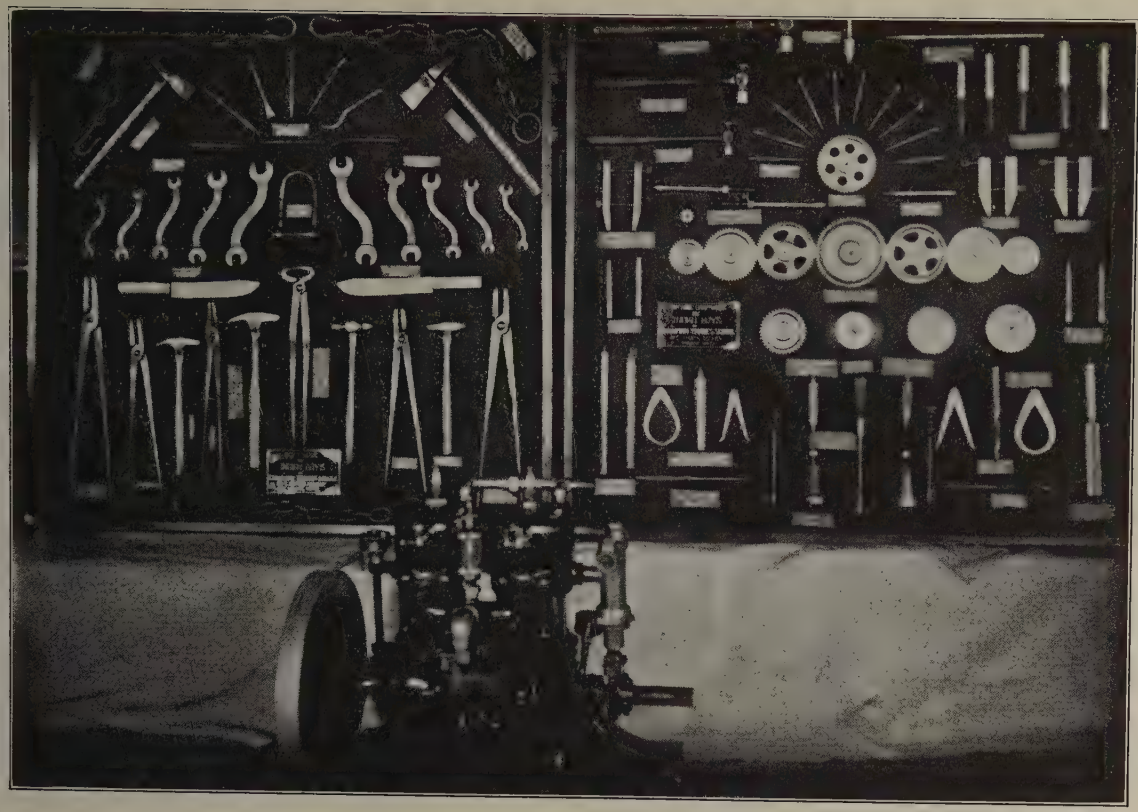
Such was the fame of it that the natives from far inland came to see the wonderful growth of brotherhood and prosperity and some stayed and participated. The same unity, tranquillity, and excellence of the natives and foreigners thus dwelling together spread rapidly across the continent without any obstruction, meeting with the highest welcome everywhere. There was no dissension, no war, but all was at peace and the population increased in numbers rapidly, and in health and knowledge, so that it was not long until it was impossible to distinguish any difference in capacity or quality among the people. Thus was created not only the greatest nation of blended people but the most righteous and brotherhood people in all history.

In my vision I sought for the reason of it, and I found that Columbus and his Government and England and France and Germany and other Governments who had led in accomplishing these great results had been guided by the Golden Rule, and so it was a Heaven of blessing as I saw it in my vision.

While I was in admiration of it a cloud came and darkness, and it vanished, and I saw that it was all a mirage from the very beginning, and that in its stead there had always been strife, disease, and death, death to the native peoples so vast that the million of people of Hispanolia had all disappeared; that there was much death among the invaders; that instead of being guided by the Golden Rule they were led by greed and depravity and that they loved

the clink of gold more than they did the far more invaluable native man. That instead of utilizing the people already in the islands and in the continent they had destroyed them and brought other populations with like unreasonable greed as themselves.

Thus my beautiful vision was gone and the reality was upon me and sorrow and depression filled my heart as I thought of what might have been and what has been—and then I awoke, but the vision remained. I found the beautiful island of Hispanolia, the fairest of the fair, superabundantly equipped by the Creator with all the elements and luxuries of life, prosperity, and happiness, had been filled throughout for centuries with crime, and that it had passed into the control of a darker race which followed the baneful examples of the original invaders and engaged year after year in destroying itself. That similar conditions existed throughout North and South America and the islands and that the ambassadors of the Golden Rule everywhere, though continually preaching their Golden Rule, enforced its exact opposite and never by precept or practice admitted that the native peoples were a real part of our human brotherhood.



MADE BY PUPILS IN THE MACHINE SHOP AT CUSHMAN

CUSHMAN ORCHESTRA

Oklahoma Indian Adopts Modern Methods: *From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

EFOREST Antelope, one of Oklahoma's foremost educated Indians, has just marketed his big yield of this year's wheat crop, raised near Watonga. The crop was not raised by the Cheyenne Indian in the manner that his father raised the first crop a few years ago, after the Government had made "good Indians" out of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, but it was raised by the latest scientific methods. Antelope's fields received the best of care and his own personal attention.

*Deforest Antelope is a Carlisle graduate and it was at that school that Antelope adopted the customs of the white men. He returned to his people and told them of the wonderful cities and things possessed by the white men, but he also told them that the Indian could not stay in the shade all day if they hoped to get the good things the white men owned. Deforest's father died not many weeks ago. The ceremony was not conducted in the old Indian custom of burying the dead, but in the little Baptist Church by the missionaries. Old traditions that were held dear by his father were never observed by the younger members of the Antelope family. Deforest did tell his father that such beliefs were not the teachings of the Great Spirit, but merely the customs of a once powerful people. Antelope sent his own children to the white man's school to learn the ways of civilization, to be far removed from the old traditions of their grandfathers. His children today know nothing of the past of the tribe to which they belong. They are being educated to go forth into the world and earn their living and not to be dependent upon the white man.

Deforest once told the writer that "I do not want the Government to turn the Indian loose to manage his own affairs until after all of the older generations of my people have passed into the great beyond, for as soon as the trust period expires my people will be left a prey to the grafter. We young men who have schooled in the white man's ways could manage our own affairs,but our fathers can't."

Five members of the Cheyenne tribe visited President Taft about three years ago in the interests of having the trust period extended for ten years, but no action was taken. Deforest was the spokesman of the five delegates.

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*The records at the Carlisle school fail to show any one by the name of Deforest Antelope was ever one of its students. No doubt some other school is entitled to the credit of educating this young man.—*Editor.*

Antelope comes of a race of fighters. His father, Chief Antelope, was at one time a warrior, whose very name struck terror to the Western homesteader of the plains country. Old man Antelope until the time of his death used to visit Watonga to ask for mail from his papoose, meaning Deforest, who was then in school. If the letter did not come the old man would go away greatly disappointed, but if the letter was awaiting him his face would become animated with great pleasure. Upon these trips to town the old man would tie his little gray pony behind the postoffice building, no matter where the office would be located the old man always insisting upon leaving the animal at the rear of the building. When asked why he always chose that place to tie he replied "Uncle Sam watchum cayuse, white man no dare steal um."

Deforest's grandfather, White Antelope, will be remembered by the early settlers as a man who was the white man's friend in his earlier life. White Antelope for years kept his tribe from war with the white men, but there came a day when he could no longer control the young men of the tribe. White Antelope then turned warrior, leading his people at the battle of the Arickree in Southern Colorado with Chief Roman Nose. Not long after this famous battle between the red and white man of the then new west, White Antelope was standing on a rock overlooking the present city of Pawnee Rock, Kan., when he saw his first moving train. Antelope then realized that the march of civilization was fast coming to push the Indian farther toward the land of the setting sun.

The old man returned to camp broken in spirit, for he knew that the Cheyenne's power was at last broken and that he could no longer fight off that advancement of the white man's power into the Indian's hunting grounds. He in company with three others were sent to Washington as the first peace makers from the mighty tribe, to sue with their white brothers for an everlasting friendship between the two races of people. Peace was restored and the tribe took up their residence in Oklahoma Territory, believing themselves safe from the advancement of the white man.

Thus has the advancement of civilization's march upon a people caused a marked contrast between the generation of today and that of the one just passed. Where not many years ago the other generation of Indians hunted the buffalo on the plains today the Indian is farming. Where once roamed the buffalo by the countless thousands, today roam the high grade cattle of the Oklahoma farmer.

Work of the National Indian Association:

F THE many organizations that have been engaged for years in volunteer work for the improvement of the conditions among the Indians, undoubtedly the National Indian Association has been among the most effective. This association originated in 1879 and fully organized in 1881. Since that time it has opened the following missions:

Missions to—	
Pawnees, Indian Territory	1884
Poncas, Indian Territory	1884
Otoes, Indian Territory	1884
Sioux, South Dakota	1886
Concows*	1886
Ukies*	
Pitt River*	
Potter Valley*	
Little Lake*	
Red Woods*	
Bannocks and Shoshones, Idaho	1887
Omahas, Nebraska, at two stations	1887
Sioux, at Corn Creek, S. Dak	1887
Stickney Memorial Home, Washington (built through our home building department)	1889
Mission at La Jolla, Temecula, Pechanga	1889 and 1893
Mission cottage and workers, Portraro	
Mission at Coahuilla	
Mission to Auga Caliente	
Mission to Mission Indians, California	
Preaching Stations at Saboba, Rincon	
Mission to Kiowas, Indian Territory	1889
Mission at Greenville, Plumas County, Cal	1890
Mission at Crow Creek, S. Dak., Hospital work	1890
Mission to Apache Prisoners, Mt. Vernon, Ala	1891
Mission to Absentee Shawnees and Kickapoos, Oklahoma	1891
Mission to Seminoles, Fla., (two stations)	1891
Mission to 21000 Hopi, Oreiba, Ariz	1892
Home for Aged Woman, Porcupine Creek, S. Dak	1892
Mission to—	
2,000 Piegans, Montana	1893
Walapai, Arizona (school)	1894

*These six tribes served at two stations at Round Valley, Cal.

Mission to—	
Spokanes, Washington	1894
Uncompagre Utes	1897
Hopi, at First Mesa, Ariz	1895
Hopi, at Second Mesa, Ariz	1897
Hoopas, Northern California	1896
Mission at Martinez, Cal	1896
Mission to Navajos, Two Gray Hills, N. Mex	1898
Mission to Shasta County Indians, California	1899
Navajo Hospital built, Josett, N. Mex	1899
Work at Sitka, Alaska	1897
Mission to—	
Tumas in California	1901
Hopi, at Moen Copi, Ariz	1902
Navajos, at Tuba, Ariz	1903
Navajos, at Chin Lee, Ariz	1903
Mission in Greenville Chapel reopened	1903
Mission to—	
Apache-Mojavas, McDowell, Ariz	1903
Piutes, Nevada	1907
Klamaths, Oregon	1908
Navajos, Indian Wells, Ariz	1910
Good Samaritan Hospital for the Navajos at Indian Wells, Ariz., built	1912

The latest of these, the Good Samaritan Hospital, located at Indian Wells, Ariz., was erected in the summer and fall of 1912, and was partially occupied on September 15th of that year, when the medical superintendent established residence there and began camp work. The hospital wards were opened for patients and the dispensary was ready for medical treatment on April 1, 1914. The central portion of this building contains on the ground floor a reception room, nurse's room, dispensary, kitchen and dining room, and a closet for medical supplies, linens, etc. The second story of this portion of the building consists of one large room. At either side of the central portion are hospital wards, the men's wards to the left and women's to the right. In front of each ward is a sleeping porch. The building is provided with modern conveniences, such as baths and heating plant.

Of all of the agencies employed by the Goverment or by volunteer workers for the civilization and Christianization of any primitive people, the modern hospital has come to be recognized as one of the most effective. What is true of primitive people generally is true of the Indians. Therefore, this, the latest of the mis-

sions established by The National Indian Association, located in the midst of the great Navajo tribe, has a remarkable field of work. That the Navajos respond cordially to the efforts of those in charge of the hospital is evidenced by the following incidents recorded in that portion of the annual report of missions for 1913 which relates to the Good Samaritan Hospital:

At the Good Samaritan Hospital important work has been done during the past year. The Hospital, known to the Navajos as Kin-bi-jo-ba-i (the house in which they are kind), was erected by us in the fall of 1912, though the heating plant was not installed until March, this year. The wards were opened for patients and the dispensary was ready for medical treatment on April 1. Our medical superintendent had taken up her residence there and began her work on September 15, 1912, but her work had been confined to the camps and she brought to the hospital only cases that were of too serious a nature to be treated successfully in the squalid hogans. Between that date and the opening of the hospital wards and dispensary, on April 1st, this year, 196 sick Indians were cared for in the camps and 784 treatments given them. Between April 1st and October 1st this year, 377 Indians received 754 treatments at the dispensary, and 66 patients were cared for in the wards.

It will thus be seen that, in addition to the care of the patients in the hospital wards, there have been 1,538 treatments given to sick Indians in the camps and at our dispensary during the past twelve months. While thachoma is a scourge of the Navajo country and many of the patients were treated for that disease, there have been other cases each month needing surgical skill, medical attention, and nursing care. I mention a few cases other than eye disease which will give an idea of the varied treatments required. Patients have been treated for tuberculosis, rheumatism, sores on head, face, and body swollen knee joints, gathering in the ear, bronchitis, ulcerated teeth, grippe, wounds on feet, abacesses, slight concussion of the brain, fractured ribs, and fractured shoulder. It is very gratifying to report that though some of the cases were of a very serious nature not one patient has died during the year. This fact has undoubtedly led the Indians to look upon the medical work with favor. Had a death occurred at the hospital during the first year the medical work would have received a strong set-back, and it is probable that the Indians would have refused to enter the hospital for treatment.

A few incidents of the wards:

"One of our most interesting cases," writes Mrs. Johnston, "is an old medicine man of about seventy years. He had been kicked by a horse on the knee joint and foot and was in great pain and had a temperature of 104. He said between his groans, 'I want to try your medicine' (they have no idea of the scientific action of medicine, but think of every remedy as a charm). He was so filthy that it was a trying task to clean him; but his responce to treatment

was splendid, and on the third day he was able to 'kick his foot out like a boy,' he said. On the fourth day he said he would go home Sunday if I thought best. On Saturday a Navajo came in great haste for the old man to go with him to his camp, some miles away, to sing over a baby. They had had another medicine man, but he was not able to 'get all the evil spirit out' of the child, 'just a little about the size of my finger,' he informed us, and had come in great haste to get the old man (who is noted) to finish the work. The man who came was a silversmith, so I said to him, 'would you like to send a silver bracelet home before it is done?' 'No,' he replied. Then I told him that I could not let the old man go, and he went away satisfied. The patient remained ntil Monday and went home well and happy, praising our 'medicine'."

Neona, a little camp girl of eight years, was brought to our attention shortly after we arrived on the field. The ravages of trachome were such that sight was almost gone. She could not disoern an object a few feet distant. We began to treat her in the camp and later brought her to the hospital. Now after a year's treatment, she can see the mountians many miles away.

An old Indian woman came to see us in a run-down, chronic condition. She responded well to treatment and was discharged after two weeks in the hospital. A few days later she was thrown from a horse and came back to us with a wound in his head and two fractured ribes. She soon made a fine recovery.

A bright Navajo came to us with a deep tubercular ulcer on his shoulder, and one on his face. He brought his little step-daughter, who had trachoma, also his wife, a very bright camp woman, who came to help us with the work. After several weeks' treatment he became discouraged and went away to the camp of a relative. We learned afterwards that the medicine man had told him his wife was the cause of his sickness anq if he remained at the hospital he would die. The step-daughter and her mother are still with us; the child, who was almost entirely blind, is making good progress, and the mother is a splendid help in the work.

Mrs. W. H. Chany and the members of the Washington Branch fo the National Indian Association will hold a Bazaar at the New Willard on the 18th of November for the benefit of the Good Samaritan Hospital. One of the interesting features of the program will be the exhibiting of a number of stereoptiogn slides representing activities of all kinds among adult Indians on the reservation and in the Indian achools throughout the country. These pictures have all been procured recently and represent the progress that is being made by the Indians in various sections of the country. The efforts being made by the National Indian Association to support such an institution as the Good Samaritan Hospital are worthy of the most hearty response from all friends of the Indians.

Chas. E. Dagenett
President

Gustavus Welch
Vice President

Mrs. Emily P. Robitaille
Secretary-Treasurer

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U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL,
CARLISLE, PENNA.

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Notes About Graduates and Ex-Students.

Bertram Bluesky, Class '06, is attending Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.

There were fourteen graduates present for the celebration exercises on October sixth.

Salem L. Moses, Class 1904, giving his change of address in Roanoke, Virginia, adds briefly: "I am getting along fine."

Minnie Jones, of Akron, N. Y., writes that she is employed at Walton, N. Y., at Hotel Riverside and enjoys her work very much.

Lewis Schweigman left October 14th to enter school at Mt. Hermon, Mass. Lewis is on the right path to become a respected and useful citizen.

With this issue will appear a photograph and a little biographical sketch of one of our graduates. We rejoice in his success and want to hear from others.

Robert Nash, who returned from his home at Thurston, Nebr., on October 15th, stopped off for a few days' visit on his way to Philadelphia, where he has entered the Lanston Monotype School.

Alumni Hall was opened on October 6th (Anniversary Day), and with its cream ceiling, buff walls, and fumed-oak finish woodwork, it needed very little decoration to make the appearance of the interior rich and beautiful.

Daniel Bird, of Munising, Mich., writes: "I am getting along very well with plenty of work, which I enjoy very much. My work keeps me busy, but I am writing to let you know that I haven't forgotten Carlisle."

Work on Alumni Hall was rushed in order to have the same ready by October 6th, and we again wish to extend our thanks and appreciation to the heads of departments for their hearty co-operation in making our opening day a complete success.

Lida O. Wheelock, Class '13, writes that she is employed at Truxton Canon School, Valentine, Ariz., and says in part: "Cecelia Swamp, ex-student, is also working here, and it is with pleasure that I inform you that she has expressed a desire to become an associate member of the Alumni Association. She is one of the many ex-students who is making good."

Another demonstration of the fact that Indians are branching out away from their tribes is shown by the following, taken from the letter of Mrs. Mary

Williams Kennedy: "My husband and I have made our home in New York City for the past six years. We seem to like the busy life, but it is more on account of business being good in this city, where we can make our own living."

It has been decided to postpone the formal dedication of Alumni Hall until next commencement, when a large gathering of graduates and ex-students are expected to be present. The hall will then be fully completed. The present porch will be torn down and a spacious one erected. Where the name "Leupp Studio" was cut in stone over the front entrance of Alumni Hall, a green sanded frame has been placed with the following inscription in gold leaf lettering: "Alumni Hall."

Mark Penoi, Class 1896, sends in $1.75 for subscription to THE ARROW, RED MAN, and dues to the Alumni Association, and says in part: "I have two children attending public school; one is in her fourth year of attendance at school and the other in her second year and they can stay with the white children. I still stick to Gen. Pratt's advice to all of us who attended Carlisle when he was in charge—that the only short cut to civilization and good citizenship for the Indian race is through the public-school system and its close association with the country's best citizens."

Assistant Commissioner E. B. Meritt sends in a news item from the report of Mr. Alexander Johnson, probate attorney for the Government at Okmulgee, Okla. Mr. Johnson in his report of work for June, dated June 9, says: "In the afternoon I was occupied in the Okmulgee court appearing on behalf of the full-blood Indian minors in the case of Sam Checote, guardian of his children. In this case I might state that Sam Checote is a full-blood Indian, well educated, having graduated from Carlisle, and his report showed his actions those of an ideal guardian."

Mrs. Mary Williams Kennedy, in a letter to Mrs. Denny, relates in detail the sad death of her nephew, Joseph Jocks, Class 1914. On Tuesday, October 6th in Ottawa, Ontario, Joseph fell from a high building on which he was working and lived only two hours after his fall. His remains were taken to Caughnawaga, Quebec, where they were interred at the home of his father. Joseph was one of the best boys that ever entered Carlisle as a student, and his untimely death is mourned here by his classmates and friends, who extend their heart-felt sympathy to his bereaved family.

James Mumblehead, Class 1911, manager of the *Oglala Light*, Pine Ridge, S. Dak., has received from Secretary C. C. Johns, of the Nebraska Press Association, a communication part of which follows: "I wish to say right here that I have visited many shops in the past ten years, but I have never seen as clean and as neatly kept office as yours. It is an honor to the printing industry to have such instructors as you, and I hope that you will succeed far beyond

CUSHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM

DR. OSCAR DE FOREST DAVIS (*Chippewa*)
A Carlisle Graduate Who Is Highly Successful in the Practice of His Profession

your fondest dreams. I have the authority through the executive committee of the Nebraska Press Association to honor you with an honorary membership in this association, which is by the way one of the oldest and most powerful organizations in the country."

Boutonnieres for Delegates

Mrs. Marie L. B. Baldwin, of Washington, D. C., sends the following items about the Society of American Indians:

The Society of American Indians were invited by the Panama Exposition, through its representative, Mr. H. K. Bassett, to hold its next annual conference at quarters provided by the management on the exposition grounds at San Francisco.

The delegates of the Society of American Indians, in conference at Madison, Wis., October 6th to 11th, were greeted at Music Hall of the University of Wisconsin on Friday by beautiful floral decorations and a boutonniere to each one in attendance, the compliments of Mrs. Chas. Hildreth, who resides at Second Lake and is a sister of Mr. J. R. Wise, superintendent of Haskell Institute, who attended the conference. Mrs. Hildreth's kindness expressed by the compliment was deeply appreciated.

Carlisle Graduate Successful in His Profession

Dr. Oscar DeForest Davis is a Chippewa Indian from the White Earth Reservation, Minnesota, and graduated from Carlisle in 1903, working from 1903 to 1905 at his trade of printing, which he learned at Carlisle.

In September, 1906, Dr. Davis entered the dental college of the University of Minnesota, from where he was graduated in 1909 and immediately opened up a suite of office rooms in the Donaldson Building, Minneapolis, Minn., where he has continously practiced dentistry since. The Donaldson Building is one of the finest office buildings in the city of Minneapolis, and Dr. Davis's offices are well equipped and elegantly furnished. It may be appropriately added that only moneyed people can afford to patronize Dr. Davis. The writer had occasion to have some dental work done, the time consumed being one-half hour and was very much surprised when the Doctor informed her that his price was $5.00 per hour.

Dr. Davis has always taken an active part in dental society work which has chiefly to do with professional progress and improvement in all dental operations. He served two terms as secretary of the Minneapolis Dental Society, and also has appeared as a clinician on the programs of State and National dental associations.

A little over a year ago Dr. Davis married, and a visit either to his suite of offices or his cosy five-room bunglalow is convincing proof of his success and prosperity. Carlisle is proud of him.

Some Questions Answered

Robert R. DePoe, of Orton, Oreg., asks the following questions: "How is the home office of the Alumni Association helping the Indian along? What is it doing? What is it going to accomplish? When can we look for results? Along what lines is it striving to accomplish the greatest amount of work? Inasmuch as these inquiries may be forthcoming from other ex-students, the secretary's answer may be read with interest:

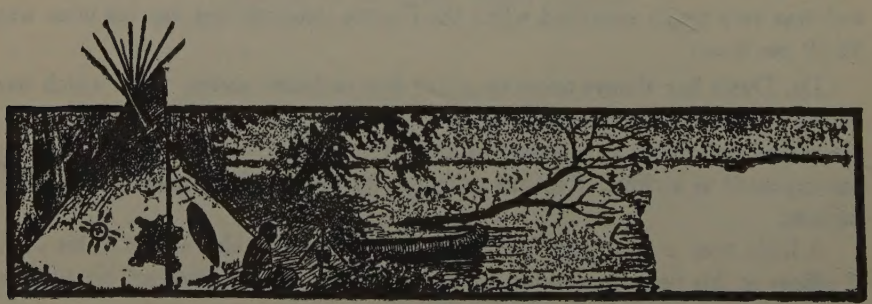
Replying to your question, "How is the Home Office helping the Indian along?" would say that we are getting out a card system by which we hope to locate every student who has ever attended this school and get in touch with them. We want to impress the fact upon them that their Alma Mater is still interested in their welfare.

"What is it doing?" It is doing what every individual or organization has to do first before they can become useful elements in the life of any community. It is establishing a firm financial basis. So far as the circular letter is concerned, in a financial way it was a dismal failure. From among the 3,000 students this letter reached, seven responded with fees and donations. Very shortly we will issue a financial statement of the Association for publication. This will also show the present system along which we are working.

"What is it going to accomplish?" This question has been covered in the first and second answers.

"When can we look for results?" The Association is still in its infancy and we do not expect to accomplish the work set forth in the first answer in less than a year or two.

"Along what lines is it striving to accomplish the greatest amount of work?" We believe that we can reach and interest more students by a publication of our own than in any other way. Whether we will be able to accomplish this or not will rest entirely with the returned student. As yet, we have not taken up the matter with them, but if there are a sufficient number who are willing to support an Alumni magazine by subscribing $1.00 per annum, we will launch this movement. Otherwise we will continue our department in the RED MAN.



PLAY THE GAME

Shakespeare says: "The World's a stage,
Where men and women play,"
Some folks think life's a game,
A struggle night and day.
To me, life but a game appears,
And my ambitious aim
Is not a grandstand seat to hold,
But just to play the game.

Yes, play the game for all it's worth
Obeying all the rules;
For they who break them purposely,
Are merely knaves or fools.
Don't be a looker on in life
The idler gains no fame,
The only man who's worth his salt
Is he who plays the game.

There's room for all upon the field,
And every one may score,
And when the game of life is done,
Each his reward may draw.
So don't stand by and lose your chance,
Or yours will be the blame.
Don't let one slip discourage you,
Get in and PLAY THE GAME.

THE MENTOR

DE truth is a burnin' lamp, but some folks put it out by too much trimmin' er der wick

UNCLE EPHRIHAM